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The Margate Steam Yacht

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The Margate Steam Yacht.

Evans, Printer, Long-lane, London.

FROM London to Margate I took an excursion, [diversion;
For the sake of my health, and in hopes of
In a splendid steam Yacht I took up my station,
Among belles of the ton and beaux of the nation.
Two hundred or more were assembled together,
Like bees in a hive in hot summer weather:
The morning was fine and the company gay,
I thought on much pleasure the whole of the day.

Spoken.—Weigh'd anchor, left the town at eight o'clock,
all in tip top spirits, excepting my Lady Finikin's lap-dog,
who would not take his usual allowance of hot rolls and
butter, and chicken broth. Gave him a composing draught
and put him to bed! Bobby Fribble, an exquisite dandy
from Bond-street, annoyed the passengers much with his
small talk, nondescript look, and effeminate voice. A
British sailor accosted him with, What ship, messmate?—
I don't know what you mean, replied Bobby.—Jack said,
What do you call yourself, a man or a woman? The sailor
looking stedfastly at him, said, O, I see as how, by the cut
of your jib, you are a MIDDLE SEX man!

The cabin of state was commodious and fine,
Where some were seen waltzing and some drink-
ing wine; [pigeons,
The black legs at cards were plucking the
While refin'd city dames were picking roast
chickens.

The dandies were viewing themselves in the glass,
And honest John Bull was toasting his lass;
Alderman Gobble, of turtle-soup fame,
Was devouring of jellies, to keep up his name.

Spoken.—On passing the nore, a stiff breeze sprang up,
when most of the delicate ladies on board required the
assistance of the female attendant. However, Mrs. Wick,
(widow of the late Deputy Wick) being a veteran in sea
voyages, continued full of spirits. Pray, Mr. Captain, said
she, have we passed CUCK-HILL'S PINT? Cuckold's
Point, Ma'am, replied the Captain, (in a gruff tone) a long
time since. O dear, says Mrs. Wick, my poor dear husband
used often to go there!

Now Margate white cliffs were seen in full view,
To town, for a time, we at length bid adieu;
The pier now in sight—what delight fill'd each
heart, [part.
To join the gay throng, and new pleasures im-
Most females on board, except Widow Wick,
Had been seriously ill, (I mean monstrous sick).
Off the pier we arriv'd, and from danger all free,
We landed at seven P. M. in full glee.

Spoken.—Getting on shore, Bobby Fribble met with a
disaster, as in stepping from the vessel side, he slipped into
the harbour, but was taken out by two fishermen, who con-
veyed him to an inn, where he was put to-bed: in pulling
off his boots and undressing him, it was discovered that
he had neither shirt nor stockings on;—however, he had
a shirt collar of an enormous size! It appears that a true
and fashionable dandy generally dispenses with such
superfluities of dress!